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H E N R Y,

OR THE

TRIUMPH OF GRACE.

A SACRED POEM.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

H. E. N. R. Y.

OF THE

TRINITY COLLEGE



AND

[PUBLISHED BY THE MUSEUM]

H E N R Y,

OR THE

TRIUMPH OF GRACE.

A S A C R E D P O E M.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE

LORD GEORGE GORDON.

By *M A R I A D E F L E U R Y*.

L O N D O N :

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H. E. N. R. Y.

THE NEW YORK

A. S. L. D. P. O. M.

UNIVERSITY OF THE



LONDON COLLEGE

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TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
LORD GEORGE GORDON.

MY LORD,

I Have not the vanity to suppose that the following little Piece possesses merit enough to intitle it to the honor of your Lordship's protection and patronage. The subject of it indeed is great, and demands the attention of every serious Reader, but I am too conscious of my own inability, to imagine I have at all done justice to the important truths I would wish to illustrate. Alas ! they require the pen
of

DEDICATION.

of an Angel. Angelic breasts glow with rapture at the conversion of a sinner; and though mortals alone are the subjects of converting grace, yet it is a theme too vast for mortal ideas to conceive, or their language express with propriety. I have therefore, my Lord, only to say of this little attempt, that it was not written with any design of its being exposed to the public eye; but, at the request of several friends, and being honoured with your Lordship's permission to dedicate it to you, I now lay it at your feet, as it is, trusting to your well known candour, that you will not peruse it with the severity of a critic, but, for the sake of the great truths it contains, you will forgive the improprieties of the author. My pen is rude and unpolished; my abilities very small; yet, such as they are, I desire to devote them to him who is the giver of every good and perfect gift.

Were I addressing any other than your Lordship, it might be necessary, as it is usual,
to

DEDICATION.

to pass some eulogiums on the exalted character addressed ; but here it is needless ; you are seeking, I doubt not, the honor which cometh from God, which is stable and permanent ; and therefore it is you choose, with one of old, to suffer affliction with the people of God, rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season ; and esteem the reproach of CHRIST greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt. O, my Lord ! permit me to congratulate you on such a noble choice ! It does you more honor than your exalted birth, or distinguished dignity : it is a choice which Angels applaud, and the great God himself will condescend to approve. May his good spirit confirm you in such a resolution. May he establish you on the rock of ages, the sure foundation God hath laid in Zion. May his power uphold you, his presence make you happy. And, to sum up all in a word—May the GOD and FATHER of our LORD JESUS CHRIST bless your Lordship with all
the

DEDICATION.

the blessings of his everlasting covenant and
gospel of peace.

So prays, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

And obliged humble Servant,

MARIA DE FLEURY.

4 OC 58

H E N R Y, &c.

A S A C R E D P O E M.

T WAS in that hour when day's imperial king,
Beneath our hemisphere far sunk, retir'd
To rest, perhaps in Thetis oozy bed,
Or crown some distant clime with rising beams;
Night, sable vested, threw her curtain round,
Emboss'd with stars, the glitt'ring gems of Heav'n;
And high enthron'd, from clouds emmerg'd, the moon,
Walking in brightness through the spangled arch,
Dispers'd the darkness with her lucid rays,
And tipp'd the hills with silver. Underneath
A tufted oak, upon a grassy couch,
A slumbering youth reposed: sleep on his eyes
Sat heavy, and, with its benumbing pow'r,
Seal'd up each faculty in helpless stupor,
Thoughtless and fearless of impending harm;
But at his side, to him unknown, behold

B

A guard

A guard seraphick stood—a glorious form ;
 One from high Heav'n dispatch'd, to watch around,
 And shield young HENRY from the countless ills
 That hourly hang o'er mortals heads ; so call
 The sleeping youth, th' heav'nly messenger,
 Faithful to his great charge, his steps attend
 With sweet delight, obedient to his God.
 Around his head a radiant glory shone ;
 Youth in his face sat smiling all serene ;
 And his gay plumage, ting'd with all the dyes
 Which glow in that fair arch by mortals seen,
 When clouds bedew the earth with gentle show'rs.

Still was the season, solemn silence reign'd,
 Ev'n Philomel forgot her mournful tale,
 And hush'd in gentle rest, all nature lay !
 Only CELESTO wak'd : long wrapt in thought
 The angel stood, and view'd the wond'rous scene.
 The wond'rous scene inspir'd devotion pure,
 And love and rapture glow'd within his breast.
 Love too intense, and rapture too divine,
 To be lock'd up in silence, from his side
 His golden harp he takes, and with sweet voice
 Charms the still night, with melody more soft
 Than fabled Orpheus, when the savage herd
 Listen'd, attentive, to his warbled song.

A I R.

Thou great Omnipotent,
 Thou Lord of earth and sky,

Grand A

B

I on

[II]

I on thy gracious errand sent,
Adore thy majesty.

II.

When I behold the sun,
The creature of thy pow'r,
His daily radiant circle run,
I wonder and adore.

III.

The moon and stars, by night,
In feebler glories shine ;
But all from thee derive their light,
Thou source of light divine.

IV.

Thine everlasting praise
Seraphick armies sing,
And I (unworthy) join the lays,
Thou everlasting king.

V.

Hail ! holy, holy, Lord !
Thrice holy one in three ;
Thou boundless name be still ador'd,
Throughout eternity.

But see, a beauteous form, with nimble step,
Trips o'er the dewy green, and this way bends ;

A flowing robe hangs loosely o'er his limbs,
 By ev'ry breath of wanton Zephyrs mov'd :
 A rosy chaplet, intermix'd with sprigs
 Of blooming myrtle, circles round her head,
 And in her face sits laughter uncontroll'd.
 All gay and sprightly, as the summer's sun,
 Two nymphs attend her, and, with skilful hand,
 On pipe and tabor play, and, with their feet,
 Keep time and measure to the jocund sound.

Ah ! fatal charmer ! Ah ! insidious fair !
 For all's a painted shew, a hollow cheat :
 Long from her breast has virtue fled, and vice
 Reigns in her heart, and wantons in her eyes ;
 SYREN her name, by night she issues forth,
 And spreads her silken net of gay delights,
 To catch unwary travellers, and such
 Who rove abroad unguarded and secure.
 Delusive flatt'ry hangs upon her tongue,
 And endless ruin follows in her train :
 Her steps lay hold on death, and all her paths,
 Though strew'd with roses, lead directly down
 To the black chambers of eternal woe.

S Y R E N.

'Wake, sleeping youth, awake, and see
 Thy love, thy SYREN waits for thee.
 Why waste the hours as they fly,
 In quick succession, round the sky.

The

The present moment seize, live while 'tis day,
E're time and youth take wings, and fly away.

II.

Jocund sounds shall greet thine ear,
Age and wrinkles soon appear.
Haste! improve thy little span,
'Tis the chiefest end of man
To be happy, to be blest, and prove
The sprightly joys of musick, wine, and love.

C H E R U S.

The present moment seize, live while 'tis day,
E're time and youth take wing, and fly away.

H E N R Y.

What sounds melodious charm my waken'd ear!
What heav'nly form art thou! if from the skies,
But now descended to this earthly ball,
Say, may a mortal ask (unblam'd) thy name!
And what thy errand is to this low world!
That with due reverence he may homage pay!

S Y R E N.

Not from the skies I come, I reign below,
Sole empress of this beautiful terrene:
My empire's large, my subjects many are,

And

And I their queen, their fount of happiness.
 I lead them on in Pleasure's smiling path,
 Bestrew'd with roses, lin'd with gay delights.
 I crown their temples, some with purest gold,
 With laurel some, enduring ever green,
 Emblem of Victory, and on them pour
 Treasures of golden ore, and sparkling gems,
 From distant Ophir and Golconda bought :
 I lead the sprightly dance, and, from their breasts,
 Banish each care, and chace corroding thought,
 Or drown them in the sparkling, flowing bowl.
 Come then, my HENRY, let me call thee mine ;
 Come and possess thy fill of happiness ;
 See to adorn thy head, I have prepar'd
 This flow'ry coronet, of various hue ;
 See riches, honors, pleasures, I bestow,
 Come follow me, and live secure from woe.

H E N R Y.

Charmer ! lead on ! I feel thy sov'reign pow'r
 Inflame my heart, and from this happy hour
 Thy steps I follow ; thine, devoted live ;
 And from thy hand the great reward receive,
 Thou, on thy faithful subjects, dost bestow
 To make them happy, while they dwell below.
 Thy voice shall be my guide, thy smile my heav'n ;
 I'll be content with that, let that be giv'n.

SYREN.

S Y R E N.

Take my hand, and take my heart,
Thou and I must never part :
Let the fools who would be wise,
Talk of pleasures in the skies ;
We were never there to see,
What those fancied pleasures be.

II.

Let the dreamers have their way,
We'll be wiser still than they :
We'll the present hour improve,
As from bliss to bliss we rove ;
Leaving anxious thought behind,
Give to-morrow to the wind.

C H O R U S.

Strike the tabor, sweetly play,
We keep jocund holiday.

By guileful flatt'ry won, the heedless youth
Thus falls an easy prey ; he joins the throng
Of Folly's children, in their mad career,
Ranging the giddy maze of Vanity.
Nor sees the snare, nor heeds the dreadful gulph,
Upon whose verge he dances : gulph of woe !
Whose op'ning jaws have swallow'd thousands down
In fathomless destruction. Hapless souls !

A while

A while they swam in Pleasure's treach'rous sea,
 Revel'd a moment in fantastick joys,
 Then split upon the rock, their vessel bulg'd,
 And down, down, down they sunk to endless woe,
 And infinite perdition, there to dwell,
 And weep and groan a long eternity.
 So the young ox, with festive wreaths adorn'd,
 Mid sprightly sounds, proud of his honors, goes
 With stately steps along, thoughtless of harm,
 'Till in his throat the sacrificers knife
 Deep plung'd, the bleeding victim falls and dies.

With downcast look, in pensive attitude,
 CELESTO stands ; his gen'rous breast can feel
 And kindly pity his deluded charge.

'Twas his to guard him from corporeal harm,
 That might with forceful acts of violence
 His safety injure ; but to guard his heart
 From Satan's wiles, to influence his will,
 Shield his affections, and preserve his soul,
 Angelic pow'r here fails ; not Gabriel's self,
 Raphael, nor all the heav'nly host combin'd,
 Can stand sufficient for the mighty task.

The Lord of hosts alone, the great I Am !
 By his almighty grace, can keep the soul,
 Rebuke the tempter, give to feeble man,
 O'er sin, the world, and self, the victory !
 Yet full of noble zeal, the angel glow'd,
 Zeal for his God ! And faithful love to him,

Whose

Whose welfare providence had made his care.
 And see ! He spreads his wings and soars aloft,
 And ranges far and wide in search of one,
 He deem'd of pow'r sufficient to reclaim
 And bring the wand'rer back, and turn his feet
 From error's maze, to tread in paths of peace.
 Long fruitless prov'd his toil, but found at length :
 With accents mild, and countenance serene,
 He to RELIGION thus his speech address'd.

C E L E S T O.

Offspring of heav'n, belov'd of God, I come
 To crave thy pow'rful aid, my earthly charge,
 A youth committed to my strictest care,
 By our great master, late betray'd, intic'd
 By her who potent reigns in human hearts,
 And leads them far from God, and holds them bound
 In cursed chains. Blind vot'ries to her will,
 Thou know'st her well, 'tis SYREN, foe declar'd
 To God and thee, his image and delight.
 Come and let thy sweet voice attract his ears,
 For on thy tongue melodious music hangs ;
 Come and disclose thy beauties to his sight,
 And charm his heart by thy mysterious pow'r.
 O shew his feet the way that leads to life,
 And break the snare, and snatch him from the arms
 Of that false forceress, and in his breast

C

O raise

O raise thy holy, happy, peaceful throne,
And make him blest'd indeed.

R E L I G I O N.

To thy request, fair angel, I attend,
Thy tale with grief I hear, nor slack shall prove
To use my utmost skill, and to his ear
Bring truth divine. But know my utmost pow'r
Can but his ear assail ; 'tis not in me
To turn the bias of his heart corrupt ;
My elder sister, GRACE, divine alone,
Can ope those doors to me, by nature shut.
'Tis her prerogative to melt the heart,
Change the affections, new create the soul,
And reinstate me in my rightful throne.
Then shall I sway my peaceful sceptre there,
And guide his feet in wisdom's pleasant paths.

A. I. R.

Who can save a wretch undone ?
Who can melt a heart of stone ?
None but GRACE, from Jesus sent,
GRACE indeed, Omnipotent !

II.

See the fruitless heath appear
Barren, desolate and bare ;

Parch'd

Parch'd with heat, no moisture nigh,
Open to the fultry sky.

III.

GRACE can look the drought away,
Dress it in the robes of May;
See the leafy train arise,
Spicy odours fill the skies.

IV.

Heav'nly dews refresh the ground,
Fruitfulness smiles all around;
See the wilderness no more,
Eden opes her plenteous store.

C E L E S T O.

'Tis true, but know, dear maid, tho' HENRY now
Runs in the devious paths of sin astray,
His name in heav'nly records is set down,
And in eternal love he bears a part;
For heav'nly spirits 'tend not those whose end
Is misery and woe: we minister
At our dread Lord's command, to those who share
In his redeeming love, for whose dear sake,
He manifest in flesh, on earth appear'd,
And took their sins and nail'd them to his cross,
That he might snatch them from the jaws of hell
By pow'r almighty, and supernal grace,

Here springs a ray of light, then who can tell,
 But when thy voice arrests his outward ear,
 And pourtrays to his view, the joys which flow
 From undefil'd RELIGION, all sincere,
 An unseen hand, an energy divine,
 May fix the lesson home upon his heart,
 And teach him heav'nly wisdom.

R E L I G I O N.

—————CELESTO lead,
 Thy steps, I follow, and with warm desire,
 To see this brand pluck'd from sins hateful fire.

Now had the cock's shrill clarion wak'd the morn,
 And call'd Aurora from her soft repose
 T'unlock the gate of day; the soaring lark
 Warbl'd his early mattins; from each bush
 The feather'd songsters sent sweet melody,
 To greet the approach of light in varied notes,
 When, lo! the rover, flush'd with gay delights,
 Fatigu'd with midnight revels, stroll'd recluse,
 Revolving in his mind past pleasures o'er,
 And big with expectation, fond and vain.

But see! RELIGION comes, with modest step,
 Treading the dewy grass; her progress mark'd
 By springing flow'rets, frag'rantly sweet;
 Her unadorned tresses careless hang
 On either shoulder, while a snow white robe

Her

Her beauteous form conceals, around her girt
 Fast with a golden girdle : to her feet
 Her robe descends in flowing majesty,
 In her fair face, no wanton blushes rise
 From thought impure, or laughing levity,
 But holy cheerfulness sits native there,
 And smiles benignant, full of heav'nly love,
 Prophetic of the peaceful calm within.
 So sweetly mild, her look attracts the love
 Of each beholder ; yet such majesty
 Darts from her eyes and hangs about her person,
 As strikes the boldest heart with awe profound.

R E L I G I O N.

Stop gentle youth, and one short moment spare
 From vain pursuits, and let thy list'ning ear
 Attend a stranger's voice, for know I bring,
 A solemn message from the heav'nly king.
 Of birth divine I am, sent from the skies,
 To make the sons of folly blest and wise,
 To men I call, and lift my voice to those,
 Who to themselves, their God, and me, are foes.
 My name, RELIGION ! And my office this,
 To lead from death and woe, to life and bliss.
 Let then thine ear attend, thine heart receive
 The sacred truths I bring, O hear and live !

HENRY.

H E N R Y.

Thou visitant divine! Aw'd by thy voice,
 Each roving thought retires, and on my mind
 Devout attention sits. See all around,
 Creation, list'ning to that warbling thrush,
 Seems hush'd in silence; silence, how profound!
 Ev'n Zephyrus sleeps, lest with his fanning wings
 The rustling leaves disturb her melody.
 So to thy more harmonious voice, my mind
 And all her pow'rs shall listen while thou speak'st;
 Each interrupting thought shall stand aloof;
 And wait till better leisure gives them leave.

R E L I G I O N.

'Tis not thine ear, O HENRY! will suffice,
 Thine heart I chiefly want; O! ope thine heart,
 And take me to thy bosom, there to dwell
 In union, indissoluble and sweet:
 Thy heart's my rightful throne, there I would sit
 In the great name of him who reigns on high,
 And sway my peaceful sceptre in thy soul,
 Direct thy footsteps, lead thy willing feet
 In Wisdom's pleasant paths, where thou may'st run,
 And gather pleasures as the drops of dew
 Num'rous, and drink thy fill of happiness!
 Pleasures all pure, and happiness divine.

H E N R Y.

H E N R Y.

If but to make me happy, thou art come,
I thank thee, gen'rous maid, thy kind concern
Demands much gratitude : But know, I've met
A beauteous form indeed, tho' sprung from earth,
And from her lips have learnt the way to bliss.
Nor other bliss I need, for all my pow'rs,
She from her plenteous stores will satisfy,
With ever new delight.————

R E L I G I O N.

—————Mistaken youth !
Charm'd by her gay outside and fair pretence,
Thou seest not the hypocrite within :
'Tis SYREN ! Fatal name ! SYREN, abhor'd
By God and goodness as their utter foe.
Her breasts the seat of guile and false deceit :
This her lips utter, and her hands perform.
Caught in her snare, lur'd by her varied arts,
Thousands have danc'd her giddy round awhile :
Then stumbling o'er black rocks, which lay unseen,
Have fall'n ten thousand fathom down the gulph
Of dark despair and never ending woe,
And found her paths, tho' strew'd with roses, led
To the infernal chambers of the dead.

H E N R Y.

If she be false, how is it I possess
So much of joy, so much of happiness !

She

She hourly leads my feet to new delights,
 And when they cloy, she still to fresh invites ;
 If gloomy thoughts arise within my breast,
 One smile of her's, soon hushes them to rest.
 So sweet's her smile, so wond'rous strange her pow'r,
 She finds amusements new for every hour.
 From the dark mine she calls the golden ore,
 And pours it on me in abundant store ;
 She crowns my head with plumes from honor's wings,
 And promises to rank me e'en with kings ;
 Her acts so gen'rous, and her words so fair,
 How can I doubt but what they genuine are !

R E L I G I O N.

What are her pleasures, HENRY ? Light and vain
 Fantastic joys, but link'd with endless pain ;
 Joys such as beasts partake ; but man was made
 To drink of pleasures which can never fade.
 What will her gold do for thee ? Will it buy
 A crown of life, a mansion in the sky ?
 When pain attacks thy limbs, and sore disease,
 Will it remove thy griefs and give thee ease ?
 When Death appears, can gold a ransom pay ?
 And send the king of terrors, brib'd away ?
 O ! no ! It falsely glitters in thy sight,
 And, like a meteor bursts in shades of night.
 So all the honors this false world can give,
 End in a name ; nor long that name can live.

Revolving

Revolving periods sweep past things away,
 The works of art, yea, nature's self decay !
 Soon will the day appear, when earth and sky,
 Shall in one undistinguish'd ruin lye ;
 Thy SYREN then, surrounded all by fire,
 Shall, in the mighty ruin lost, expire.

But hear my voice, O youth ! For happy's he,
 Whose heart's athirst, whose spirit pants for me :
 Yea ! Thrice he's blest, who seeks his greatest gain
 From me, for long he shall not seek in vain.
 More precious far, than rubies is my name,
 The pearl of price, man's chiefest good I am.
 Dost wish to live a goodly train of years,
 See ! In my right hand, length of days appears :
 Eternal life's my dowry, me receive,
 And to eternal ages thou shalt live.
 Would'st high exalted sit, in honor's chair ?
 And in abundant riches wish to share ?
 In my left hand unceasing riches flow,
 Honors superior to ought known below.
 Dost pleasure love, would'st have thy joys increase ?
 My ways are pleasant, and my paths are peace.
 From creature joys, no lasting bliss can flow,
 For creatures fade and into darkness go.
 I'll lead thy feet to God, in him is found
 Pleasures all pure, with long duration crown'd ;
 Eternal as their mighty author's name,
 Who was, and is, and still shall be the same.

D

When

When thou shalt see thy father's smiling face,
 And prove the boundless wonders of his grace ;
 When in thy raptur'd heart a Saviour's love,
 Shed sweetly there by the celestial dove ;
 How wilt thou fall astonish'd, bow, and own,
 Till then thou real pleasure hast not known ?
 O ! then be wise, attend unto my voice,
 Approve my council, make me all thy choice ;
 Then like a mighty stream thy peace shall flow,
 And still increasing while thou dwell'st below.
 And when thy glass is run, and Death appears,
 I'll smooth the tyrant's face, and hush thy fears ;
 And thou shalt sweetly lay thee down to rest,
 Not die, but fall asleep on Jesus' breast !
 Till the great trumpet sounds, then wak'd, arise,
 Joyful to meet thy Saviour in the skies :
 Receive a radiant crown, and fully prove,
 The heights and depths of his redeeming love.

A I R.

Joy and wonder overflowing,
 Love and peace their streams unite ;
 Still increasing, ever growing,
 To a sea of pure delight :
 Trees of life with verdure blooming,
 O'er the banks their shadow spread ;
 Spicy sweets the air perfuming,
 From the blossoms hourly shed.

Happy

II.

Happy saints here swim in pleasure,
 Holy pleasures all divine;
 Quaff of bliss unbounded measure,
 And in sacred anthems join.
 Low before the Saviour falling,
 They adore his majesty;
 Matchless grace and love extolling,
 Through a vast eternity.

H E N R Y.

So great a prize, such everlasting gain,
 How can a mortal this vast bliss attain?
 Deign to inform my mind, thou heav'nly fair,
 That I in this felicity may share.

R E L I G I O N.

If thou, O youth! This pearl of price wou'd gain,
 And this supreme felicity attain;
 Exalted high upon a throne of grace,
 Emmanuel reigns, and in his awful face,
 Sweet love and mercy shine, in beams so bright,
 That earth and heaven live upon the sight;
 Lift up thine eyes to his all-glorious seat,
 Come, fall a willing vot'ry at his feet,
 He'll ope his lib'ral hand, and large bestow,
 Of all can make thee truly blest below.

Upon thy head a crown of life he'll place,
 Bright beaming glory, rich abundant grace,
 Free as the air you breathe ; O ! seek and find,
 Jesus, to seeking souls, is ever kind.
 But gentle youth, would'st thou this crown receive,
 Thou must thyself a willing off'ring give
 To the great king of saints ; he asks thine heart,
 That he may to it heav'nly peace impart ;
 The whole without reserve, he will not share
 With rivals, he must reign unrival'd there.
 Renounce thyself, thy strength, thy wisdom flee,
 Sit at his feet, and find him made to thee,
 Strength, wisdom, righteousness divine, yea all,
 More than thou lost by thy first father's fall.
 Renounce thy SYREN too, O youth ! and part
 With that lov'd fatal charmer of thine heart ;
 Thou must forsake her company, and flee
 Her false allurements with alacrity ;
 Must watch against her wiles, her joys detest,
 And drive the fatal forc'refs from thy breast.
 Take up the cross and struggle, strive and pray,
 And follow Jesus in the narrow way.
 Yet start not, HENRY ! tho' the task is hard,
 O let thine eyes attend the great reward,
 The glorious prize, the heav'nly crown in view ;
 O linger not, but hasten to pursue ;
 And thou wilt find, when thou art taught aright,
 His yoke is easy, and his burthen light ;
 He'll pow'r impart, thy strength he will renew,
 There's all-sufficient grace to bring thee thro'.

H E N R Y.

H E N R Y.

It shall be so ; thy voice I will obey,
 My sprightly youth will languish and decay ;
 And when revolving years have made me wise,
 And taught me how thy sage advice to prize,
 I shall grow tir'd of this gay life I lead,
 And then I'll watch and pray, and hear, and read :
 Far from the noisy haunts of men retire,
 And after God and Godliness aspire ;
 I'll seek some lone retreat, some moss-grown cell,
 Where Solitude and Meditation dwell ;
 There wholly give myself to God and thee,
 And end my days in strictest piety.

R E L I G I O N.

Think not, O youth ! that I to cells retire,
 And seek to kindle there devotion's fire,
 Recluse from mortal view my beauties hide,
 And but with gloomy devotees abide.
 No ! Thou mayst still in social life remain,
 For that created, yet true bliss obtain.
 But shall thy youth, thy prime of life be spent,
 In vain pursuits, to sin and folly lent ?
 And but the dregs to God and me be giv'n,
 And thy last hours be all thou'lt spare for heav'n ?
 Ungen'rous thought, how foolish and unwise,
 Thus to affront the sov'reign of the skies.
 When feeble age un-nerves thy ev'ry pow'r,
 And pain invades thy limbs each ling'ring hour ;
 When

When dim thine eyes, thy tott'ring feet refuse
 Their usual office, trembling fear ensues ;
 Forgetful mem'ry, passions weak and low,
 All thy whole frame sick and disorder'd grow ;
 And thou no more can'st taste the sweets of sin,
 O wilt thou then to think of God begin ?
 And bring thy crazy self to his abode,
 As a fit off'ring for the glorious God ?
 I limit not his grace, 'tis all divine,
 But can'st thou justly hope this grace for thine ?
 Hear what he says, when rob'd in radiant light,
 He comes his injur'd Majesty to right.
 With grac'ous voice I call'd, you would not hear ;
 My threats alarm'd, but you refus'd to fear :
 Now when your terrors rise, I'll scorn your woe,
 Ye curst, into endless burning go !
 Hast then, dear youth ! His mercies now are great,
 Let sweet repentance lead thee to his feet :
 Be wise in time, O seek his blest abode,
 And dedicate thy happy youth to God.

H E N R Y.

I'll think upon thy words, no longer stay,
 But call to-morrow, or some future day.

R E L I G I O N.

O seize the present now, be wise to-day,
 In Death's cold arms thou may'st to-morrow lay :

Where

Where is to-morrow ? Far beyond the skies,
O catch the present moment ere it flies.

A I R.

Youth and health and life decay,
Fleeting as a summer's day;
Wisdom's sweet instructions hear,
Ere the shades of night appear.

II.

See Emmanuel grac'ous stands,
Peace and pardon in his hands;
Seek his face, enjoy his love,
Everlasting blessings prove.

From his high throne, Emmanuel, king of kings !
Saw and approv'd his servant's pious zeal,
However fruitless ; and his bosom glow'd
With love immense, compassion all divine,
To'ards the ungrateful wand'rer, tho' his ear,
Deaf as the adder to the charmers voice,
Shut out consideration from his heart,
And gave him all to folly ; for in vain
RELIGION pleaded, SYREN kept his heart
Fast lock'd and barr'd, that no admission there
Her precepts pure could find, tho' heav'nly sweet,
And on her tongue sat harmony divine.
But he who once forsook his glorious throne,
And came (O wond'rous shepherd !) to redeem

And

And save his filly sheep, all gone astray,
 And call the wand'ers home. He calls to mind
 The mighty price then paid ; he casts a look
 Of heav'nly pity on th' unthinking youth :
 Nor will he loose the purchase of his blood,
 Which cost him groans and agony so dear :
 Nor shall a false alluring world o'ercome
 His mighty love and gen'rous purposes.
 From his right hand, where high in place she stood,
 He calls his darling GRACE, and go, he says,
 Thou shalt prevail, with my omnipotence
 I gird thee ; go ! and prosper in thy work,
 Thy mighty work ; go, new create his soul,
 Turn him from darkness to the light of life ;
 Snatch him a burning brand from out the fire,
 And bring him to my feet ; high in his heart
 Reign thou, and with thy pow'rful influence
 Inform his judgment, rectify his will,
 Charm his affections with supernal love,
 And keep him ever thine, and ever blest.

G R A C E.

Lo ! At thy grac'ous word I go,
 Glad to perform thy will below ;
 I'll chace the mists that cloud his sight,
 And fill his soul with heav'nly light ;
 I'll make his deaf'ned ear attend,
 His stubborn will I'll sweetly bend :
 I'll melt the hardness of his heart,
 And bid the mountains all depart :

I'll

I'll break his bands and set him free,
 And bring the rebel home to thee ;
 With sweet contrition at thy feet to lay,
 Till thou shalt kindly speak his fears away,
 And seal him for thine own ; then heav'n shall ring
 With loud hosannahs to the heav'nly king.

Down from the skies all potent grace descends,
 With speed more swift than from the radiant sun ;
 Darts all prolific rays, or the wing'd flash
 Of vivid light'ning hastens thro' the air,
 Nor stays till in young HENRY's favor'd breast,
 By pow'r misterious, (leave unask'd of him)
 She lights and rests a guest indeed divine :
 Nor sits she there an idle visitant,
 But soon her work begins, her glorious work,
 To form his rebel heart anew for God.
 Into his eyes, she all unseen, distils
 From the fair fount of life some sacred drops,
 Which far dispels the mists and clears his sight,
 That objects late unseen, appear in view ;
 And truth, all powerful, breaks upon his mind,
 With force resistless, pathos all divine.
 His ears, obedient to her touch, fly ope,
 And lift', attentive, to Instruction's voice ;
 And from his heart with strength Omnipotent,
 She rolls the stone, dissolves the adamant,
 And sows the heav'nly seed, which soon shall spring,
 And rise, and grow to a fair spreading tree,
 Yielding delicious fruit from every bough.

E

Lo!

Lo ! Now he feels sensations rise within,
 Sensations new and strange, unfelt before;
 He feels himself IMMORTAL, pants for joys,
 Suited to one in being rank'd so high :
 Joys which can make immortal beings blest'd.
 Earth disappoints his wish, he lifts his eyes,
 Seeks it no longer there, but, all inflam'd
 With warm desire, pursues supernal bliss.
 SYREN no more can charm, her pleasing form,
 No more conceal her falshood from his view ;
 Her voice attracts no more, the snare is broke,
 And, lo ! he runs, he flies from her embrace,
 As from the op'ning jaws of fearful woe.
 Her ways he hates, delusive as they are,
 And with fix'd eye, and longing heart, beholds
 The charms sublime which shine in holiness,
 And pants to find them planted in his breast,
 That there substantial happiness may reign.
 He stands astonish'd that his foolish heart,
 So long beguil'd by sins delusive voice,
 Should dream of happiness from ought that springs
 From her rank soil, or grows below the stars.
 Grace leads his mind in solemn thought, to dwell
 On murder'd time, lost opportunity,
 The sin and folly of his squander'd youth ;
 Till from his bosom deep fetch'd sighs burst forth,
 Expressive of the pungent grief within.
 Grace lays him low in sweet humility ;
 And can there be (with mournful voice, he cries)
 A wretch so lost, a wretch so vile as I !

But

But lest his feet in sad despair should sink,
 Grace to his view presents a pardoning God ;
 A bleeding Jesus, full of heav'nly love,
 And sweet compassion beaming in his eyes,
 Upon a throne of love; and to his feet,
 Grace brings him as an humble suppliant,
 Imploring mercy, while contrition sweet
 Dissolves his heart, and penitential tears
 Flow down his cheeks and wrestle hard with God:
 For, lo ! he prayeth, and, with kind regard,
 His father heard his pray'r, and saw his grief,
 And hastens with complacence infinite,
 To seal his pardon, to bestow his peace,
 And welcome the returning prodigal,
 To all the blessings heav'n can bestow
 In time, and then when time shall be no more,
 But vast eternity for ever reign.

Thus all victorious grace her triumphs spread.
 But see ! in SYREN's breast fell rage arise,
 From disappointment sprung, her empire fall'n,
 Her rites neglected, and herself abhorr'd,
 By him so late with her curs'd fetters bound ;
 The all devoted vassal of her will.
 This pains her haughty heart, and in her cheeks,
 Shame and malicious indignation glow ;
 But practic'd deep in fraudulent mysteries,
 She smooths her frowning brow, conceals her rage,
 In pleasing smiles of deep hypocrisy,
 And flies with haste to seek the happy youth :

If haply with her soft delusive tongue,
 She may again attract his ear, again
 Delude his heart, and lead him still astray.
 She sought not long, for in the flow'ry mead
 HENRY walk'd forth to taste the balmy sweets,
 Of the cool ev'nings mild refreshing air ;
 And like the Patriarch of old, to spend
 In meditation sweet, his silent hours,
 Recluse, in holy converse with his God ;
 Soon she espied him, and with aspect fair,
 And flatt'ring words, she thus address'd his ear,

S Y R E N.

Thou darling of my heart, with longing eye
 I've sought thee long, and when I saw thee nigh,
 Tumultuous joys arose within my breast,
 Joys too extatic far to be express'd :
 Thy absence fill'd my mind with anxious care,
 Nor can I, HENRY, thy least absence bear.
 Ah ! Why hast thou unkindly made me prove,
 The pangs that ever wait on slighted love.

H E N R Y.

Avaunt, thou hateful forc'refs from my sight,
 To thine own place, the dismal shades of night.

S Y R E N.

Ah ! Can thy lips such cruel words declare,
 Thy lips which oft' to me did homage swear ?

And

And can thy heart inconstant prove, and be
 False to thy solemn vows, and false to me ?
 Why have thy feet forsaken my abode ?
 Have my commands, all pleasant, proved a load ?
 Did I e'er chide ? Did not my hands bestow
 All thy unbounded wish could grasp below ?
 I led thy feet in chearful dances round,
 With rosy chaplets I thy temples crown'd ;
 I still thy table spread with viands rare,
 And daily fed thee with delicious fare ;
 My gifts I suited to thy ev'ry pow'r,
 And multiplied thy pleasures ev'ry hour :
 And wilt thou, can'st thou, thus ungrateful prove !
 Ah ! HENRY, do not thus repay my love.

H E N R Y.

How could my heart so vain and foolish be,
 Ere to be cheated and beguil'd by thee ;
 True, I was late thy slave in bondage held,
 And 'gainst the king of heav'n I rebel'd ;
 Lur'd by thy voice I wander'd far astray,
 In devious paths, far from the peaceful way
 Of life and happiness. O wond'rous grace !
 That heav'n should e'er compassionate my case,
 And bring a wand'rer back by pow'r divine.
 No longer then, O SYREN ! am I thine ;
 Lo ! I renounce thy love, thy charms detest,
 And drive thee, fell deceiver from my breast.
 I yeild myself to him whose boundless love,
 Snatch'd me from ruin, to be bless'd above :

His

His air I breath, 'tis by his pow'r I live,
 'Tis just that I myself to him should give :
 He paid a mighty sum, to set me free
 From thy sad chains, yea, gave himself for me.
 Now by his love o'ercome, I lowly bow,
 And with fix'd heart to him allegiance vow.
 Thy joys are false, thy pleasures all impure,
 But Jesus' holy peace shall still endure ;
 When time decays, no end his pleasures know,
 But ever rise and ever overflow.
 Then plead no more, my happy choice is this,
 A crown of glory and eternal blifs.

A I R.

Hence ! flatt'ring world, I bid adieu
 To all thy splendid toys ;
 A nobler prize I must pursue,
 And seek sublimer toys.

II.

Up to the place where Jesus reigns,
 I raise my wishes high ;
 My soul sublimer blifs disdains,
 And grasps eternity.

S Y R E N.

Since all in vain I plead, I'll plead no more,
 But on thy head my mighty vengeance pour ;
 Dream not of blifs, I'll spoil thy pleasing views,
 Since all my kindest offers you refuse ;
 My smiles reject, I'll with an awful frown,
 Bring all your high raised expectations down :

Not

Not joy, but sad anxiety and woe,
 Shall still attend thee, while thou dwell'st below;
 I'll summon all my pow'rs and thou shalt see,
 They're strong, to execute what I decree;
 Reproach, with all her tongues shall blot thy name,
 And spread calumnious falsehoods o'er thy fame;
 Contempt and Scorn, twin sisters, shall agree,
 Where e'er thou goest, to meet thy infamy:
 Penurious want shall stare thee in the face,
 And to the utmost try thy boasted grace;
 For to foul rapine, I'll thy substance give,
 And thou despis'd in indigence shall live,
 And spend thy mournful days in sad distress,
 Stranger to joy, stranger happiness.
 When for repose thou suest the shades of night,
 Visions terrific shall thee sore affright;
 In dreams I'll scare thee, still attend thy bed,
 And pour my utmost vengeance on thy head;
 I'll call my blood-hounds, they shall run thee down,
 And thou shalt feel the weight of SYRENS frown;
 They hate thy king and thee, say, at a stake,
 Can'st thou in flames expire, for Jesus' sake.

H E N R Y.

Think not thy feeble threats my soul alarms,
 No! I securely rest in Jesus' arms;
 He reigns above, exalted king of kings,
 And I beneath the shadow of his wings,
 Shall dwell secure; thou can'st not work me woe,
 My blessings from the rock of ages flow.
 As to the sea his awful mandate came,
 Old Ocean heard, and still obeys the same.

So,

So, by his pow'r, thy malice he'll restrain,
 And thou shalt boast, and threat, and rage in vain.
 But say he should permit thy pow'r to try,
 And so prepare me for a seat on high ;
 To his high will submit I'll bear his cross,
 And count my earthly all but dung and dross :
 Low at his feet I lay it, and resign
 To wisdom infinite, and love divine ;
 My feeble mind he will with strength endue,
 There's all-sufficient grace to bring me thro' ;
 Nor fire, nor water, earth nor hell, shall part
 His love from me, so faithful is his heart :
 I'll trust him then, and let what will betide,
 He will deliver, since for me he died.

So spake the youth, and at his gracious choice,
 Heav'n smil'd propitious. SYREN, all enrag'd,
 And big with malice, further speech disdain'd,
 And hasted to revolve her dire intents ;
 And leagu'd with hell, her dark designs contrive ;
 While HENRY, fill'd with holy confidence,
 Commits his all to his Redeemer's hands ;
 And on he goes, rejoicing in his God.
 With God his shield, he fears not hosts of foes.
 With God his archer, rides the storm secure.
 Peace flows within his breast, and grace divine,
 Sways there her pow'rful sceptre, guides him right,
 While in the wilderness he journey's on,
 To that good land, the promis'd happy shore,
 Where Jesus and his saints for ever reign.

